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T H E

**LAUREL DISPUTED;**

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H E  
LAUREL DISPUTED ;

OR, THE  
*MERITS OF ALLAN RAMSAY*

A N D  
*ROBERT FERGUSON CONTRASTED;*

IN TWO POETICAL ESSAYS,

Delivered in the Pantheon at Edinburgh, on Thursday April 14th 1791,

On the Question,

"Whether have the Exertions of Allan Ramsay or Robert  
Ferguson done more Honour to Scotch Poetry?"

BY E. PICKEN, AND A. WILSON.

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To merit's brow this garland gives the Muse,  
For who to Merit would a wreath deny?  
Tho' base neglect the due deserts refuse,  
Fair Fame forbids the Poet's name to die.

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T H E  
LAUREL DISPUTED, &c.

POEM I.

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Qu'il soit celebre qui merite de l'etre.

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Not the red thunderbolts of direful war ;  
Whether he lead his legions to the fray  
In glittering arms, or, on the bellowing main,  
Terrific, bears the ensigns of his power,  
I sing ; nor happy peace, with opiate balm  
That heals the wound of discord ; nor that  
power  
That melts the heart to tenderness and love ;  
Nor beauty, that, with dear, deluding charm,  
Steals on the sense resistless ;—but that tongue  
Whose every note was melody ; inform'd

By Heav'n with all the powers of song ; such  
sounds

As vibrate on the heart, and wake to life  
Each tender feeling. Every flower be mine,  
To deck the sod that wraps his hallow'd mould;  
And, hap'ly, while a friend's officious hand  
Performs the humble rite, Memory, sweet  
maid !

Tenacious of his fame, may recognize  
Ramsay, the master of the Scottish Lyre,  
And raise some worthier trophy to his name.

Soft as from Heav'n the dew of orient morn  
Falls on the lap of May : Sweet as the breath  
Of some kind zephyr that has brush'd the  
blooms off to Emily our shade  
Of Summer's fairy train ;—so on my heart  
Ye Muses ! let your influence now descend.

Long had the Scotian lyre remain'd un-  
strung ;  
The rustic beauty, fair as fairest leaf

In Flora's train, and soft and innocent  
 As is the lamb that on the grassy sward.  
 Frisks playful, from the udder yet unwean'd,  
 Long, long had tripp'd the dewy green unsung,  
 Yet not less fair, less lovely. Fancy, fir'd  
 With innocence and virtue, did not warm  
 The breast of genius. Blushing modesty,  
 Like some sweet fairy bloom, that in a wild  
 Blows unadmir'd, unseen, liv'd not in song.

The Spring that with her fingers dropping  
 balm  
 Lur'd from its parent root the infant blade,  
 And laughing Summer, that with lavish hand  
 Strew'd annual blossoms on the hill and dale,  
 And Autumn teeming with unbounded joy,  
 Showr'd down their blessings on unconscious  
 heads,  
 That rais'd no song of honest gratitude  
 To tell their sense of nature's general joy.

Then gloom invested the poetic sky,  
 And all its wide horizon lay in shade,  
 Till Ramsay, dawning like the star of morn,  
 In orient brilliance o'er his natal plains,  
 Shed the fair lustre of enlivening day.

E'er yet his infant fingers touch'd the strings,  
 Or prov'd the pow'r of harmony, kind Hea-  
 ven

Saw the young bud of genius bursting forth,  
 And smil'd indulgence. Soon the woods and  
 plains

Retain'd the rural lay, and echo learn'd  
 The song. The blue-ey'd Naiads of the stream,  
 At setting summer eve were heard to sing  
 The Scottish sonnet; while the woodland  
 nymph,

With tresses waving in the fauning breeze, *fanning*  
 Chanted the ballad as she skiff'd along.

Fame from Olympus with a laurel bough  
 Descends, and, with the glowing charm of song,

Fashions a wreath ; the Muses smile applause ;  
 And, while she, doubtful of the worthiest head,  
 Suspends the charm in view, Ramsay, enrapt  
 In all the flame of warm enthusiasm,  
 O'ertop'd the throng, and from her willing  
 hand

Snatch'd down the waving honour. Envy  
 grinn'd

To see young Genius bind it on his brow ;  
 And Malice, swelling as he mov'd along,  
 Ey'd him askance, and look'd malicious hate.

The charms of nature fir'd th' immortal  
 bard ;

The charms of friendship, and the charms of  
 love.

Unlike the soul, immers'd in sordid views,  
 That hunts delusive gain : him, nor the laugh  
 Of jocund dawn can rouse to happiness  
 Of kind domestic bliss ; nor evening mild,  
 In bland allurement rock into a dream  
 Of pleasure. Ramsay ! thou wast form'd

With every finer feeling of the soul,  
 Which, in the varied scenes by Fancy drawn,  
 Could taste melifluous joy, that prompts the  
 song  
 Of tenderness, and, in congenial minds,  
 Lights all the soft emotions into life.

Hail, winding Fortha ! by thy verdant  
 banks  
 Oft stray'd the laughing Caledonian Bard :  
 And, while the breezes curl'd thy amber waves,  
 Amusive, on some flow'ry hilloc gay,  
 With daisies overgrown, he'd sit him down  
 And sing. Ye Muses ! tell your poet's worth.

The power to please was his. His the soft  
 note  
 That won the heart, and stole upon the sense.  
 His style seem'd ay the language of the heart ;  
 Not the forc'd swell of florid bombast art,  
 From rock to rock, that, like a cataract's fall,  
 Dashes unruly. His a milder strain :

"Simple and elegant ; smooth as the stream  
 " That thro' the valley winds its easy way."  
 Yet not devoid of wit—that, like the gem,  
 Could cut or sparkle as its author will'd ;  
 Nor humour, that with gay resistless smile,  
 Curl'd the features and unbent the brow  
 Of melancholy ; nor that flowing ease,  
 'That led the willing numbers smoothly on.

Eager the Muse for Caledonia's fame,  
 Blest fair Edina with a later bard ;  
 He, with the charms of a young rising plant,  
 In the gay morn that nods its head in dew,  
 Rose lovely ; fraught with every grace of  
 youth,  
 And promising the fairest of the field.  
 Thrice happy hours ! too happy long to  
 last ;  
 Short is the reign of Nature's choicest blooms.  
 From the green stem the blushing rose depends,  
 Child of a day ! full fondly we admire  
 Its hue, its fragrance : Soon the noontide ray

Preys on its life, or withering breezes blast  
Its bloom, and blot its beauties from the year.

Ah ! hapless fate ! yet such a fate was thine,  
Such, Ferguson ! that nipp'd thy rising shoot  
In pride of youth, and reft thee from the love  
The care, the hearts, the wishes of thy friends.

What genius was, and what it would have  
been,

The mind may judge. With him are wide  
extremes.

Ramsay's sweet lines have won the tongue of  
praise,

Far as report has fam'd the Scottish song ;  
Where hapless Ferguson's poetic lay  
Is nameless. Not the fault of sterling worth,  
But chance unkindly. He had merit too.

Him Phoebus blest with weaker powers of  
song ;

Yet not unworthy of the Muse's praise.

Genius he had. His energetic lines  
 Like Ramsay's touch'd the heart; yet not  
 alike  
 The pleasure felt. The youth was flash and  
 fire;  
 The sage, mild, soft, persuasive. *That* with force  
 Subdu'd the sense, and made himself admir'd;  
*This* charm'd the heart, and boasts a lasting  
 power  
 To please. The envious hand of ruthless fate  
 Cropp'd *that* untimely, circumscrib'd his fame,  
 Which in a goodlier orbit might have shone,  
 And put a cruel limit to his power.  
*This* to maturer life felt the warm glow  
 Of inspiration. On his aged brow,  
 Though gathering wrinkles crept, impartial  
 fame  
 Bound laurels on anew. His happy toil  
 Has fix'd the æra of the Scottish song.

While modern Bards would imitate the lay,  
 Though fire and fancy animate their lines,

They want the sweet simplicity of style,  
 The harmony, the grace, the native ease  
 That Ramfay boasts of. His the tongue of  
 joy,

That sounds the gratitude of gay content.  
 His are the strains that guileless shepherds sing,  
 As in the dale they tend their woolly flock.  
 His now the lay that cheers the vacant mind,  
 While youths sit clustering round the flowing  
 bowl ;

And his the song, that in the mirthful ear  
 Sounds grateful, while the rosy milk-maid  
 blithe

Raises her artless note ; or industry  
 Chants merrily to chace his care away. [love,  
 But sweeter yet the strain that whisper'd  
 And to the fair one told an honest tale  
 Of undesigning truth. This too was his,

Nature then treads the stage, when Patie  
 woos,  
 And rural life ; the manners of the swains,

In easy, simple, unaffected guise ;  
 Such garb as guiltless modesty has worn,  
 And innocence, when with resistless charm  
 They strove to win us from the lap of vice.

While some with zeal pourtray the madd'ning bands,  
 That heedless rush on threatening death, to win  
 The doubtful laurel ; or the civil broils  
 That rend society ; Ramsay, reclin'd  
 Beneath some hallow'd shade, enraptur'd views  
 The artless beauty of the rural cot,  
 With dewy barefoot as she trips along  
 The summer morn, and treads the daisy down ;  
 Or marks the winding of some wandring rill,  
 Whose humble tribute, purling down the dale,  
 In distant murmur, tinkles as it flows ;  
 Or eyes the whirling eddies of the stream  
 In playful curls, as they salute the shore  
 Diverging ; or the flowret's odorous bloom,  
 The verdant green, the hill, the wood, the dale,  
 And all the spreading landscape as it smiles.

Avaunt corroding care ! four-looking spleen,  
 And avarice, and envy. These to minds  
 Be doom'd that relish not to sip unscar'd  
 The nectar of content. Be mine to provc  
 The golden mean that genders smiling ease,  
 While happiness fits blooming on the brow.

Be mine the task to woo the Scottish Muse,  
 To tread where Time indented on the green  
 Preserves the footsteps of Edina's Bard.

Ye fwains ! the pride of Caledonian fields,  
 That love the Muse, O hold his memory dear,  
 Whether fair morn in orient fragrance mild,  
 With dewy fingers cheers the smiling lawn,  
 And wakes each flowret into life and joy,  
 Or sober eve, with solemn silent step  
 Steals on, and laps their beauties in her veil.

Ye rosy Maids ! of healthiest, fairest hue,  
 In whose blithe mien a thousand cupids play,  
 Whose every *action*, every *word* is *sweet* ;  
 Sweet in his verse, your every charm is sung,

Nor *sweeter* than they are: your pouting lip,  
 Your cheek, where undulating crimson dwells;  
 Your *eyes* inviting love, your dimpl'd *chin*,  
 Your *blush*, your *smile*, and every nameless  
*grace.*

Oft as fond recollection, of his worth  
 Full conscious, calls the poet to your mind.—  
 Hush not the sighs of tenderness that heave,  
 When grave reflection stamps a vanity  
 On all the sweets of life, and mourns the fate  
 Of Heaven's best gifts, the short-liv'd fleeting  
*joy*

That lures the heart torn from our warm *esteem*,  
 And blotted from the day. Mute is the tongue  
 That sung your charms; and ah! too soon  
 these charms

Like clouds that vanish at the blush of dawn,  
 Steal from the cheek, and laugh our *love* to  
 scorn.

Ramsay! this tribute of applause is thine,  
 Yet less the honour that the wreath is mine.

E. PICKEN.

T H E

LAUREL DISPUTED, &c.

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POEM II.

BEFORE ye a' ha'e doon, I'd humbly crave,  
To speak twa words or three, amang the lave,  
No for mysel, but for an honest Carle,  
Wha's seen right mony changes i' the warl',  
But is sae blate, down here he durstna come,  
Lest, as he said, his fears might ding him  
dumb ;  
An' than he's frail,—sae beg'd me to repeat  
His simple thoughts about this fell debate,  
Hegied me this lang scroll ; it's e'en right brown ;  
I'fe let you hear't just as he has't set down.

“ Last ouk, our Elspa, wi' some creels o' eggs,  
An' three fat eerrocks fas'en'd by the legs,

Gaed down to Embrugh, caft a new bane  
kame,

An' brought a warl' o' news and clashes hame:  
For she's scarce out a day, an' gets a *text*,  
But I'm dung deaf wi' clatter a' the next;  
She'll tell a' what she heard frae en' to en',  
*Her* cracks to wives, *wives* cracks to her again,  
Till wi' quo I's, quo she's, an' so's, her skirle  
Sets my twa lugs a ringing like a gir'le.

'Matig ither ferlies whilk my kimmer saw,  
Was your *prent paper* batter't on the wa';  
She said she kentna rightly what it meant,  
But saw some words o' goud an' poets in't!  
This gart me glour, sae aff sets I my late  
To Daniel Reid's, an auld frien' o' my my ain,  
He gets the news, and tauld me that ye'd  
hecht

A dawd o' goud, on this same fursday night,  
To him wha'd show, in clinking verses dreft,  
Gin Ramsay's sangs or Ferguson's war best.

Trouth I was glad to hear ye war sae kind,  
 As keep our flee-tongu'd Billies in your mind ;  
 An' tho' our Elspa ca'd me mony a gouk,  
 To think to speak amang sae mony fouk,  
 I gat my staff, pat on my bonnet braid,  
 An' best blue breeks that war but fernyear  
 made ;  
 A faxpence too, to let me in bedeen,  
 An' thir auld spentacles to help my een ;  
 Sae I'm come here, in houps ye'll a' agree,  
 To hear a frank auld kintra man like me.

In days whan Dryden sang ilk bonny morn,  
 An' Sandy Pope began to tune his horn,  
 Whan chiels round Lon'on chaunted a' fu'  
 thrang,  
 But poor, cauld Scotlan' sat without a sang ;  
 Droll Will Dunbar frae flyting than was freed.  
 An' Douglas too, an' Kennedy were dead,  
 An' nane were left, in hamely cracks to praise  
 Our ain sweet lasses, or our ain green braes.

Far aff our gentles for their poets flew,  
 An' scorn'd to own that lallan sangs they  
     knew,  
 Till Ramsay raise. O blythsome, hearty days !  
 Whan Allan tun'd his chaunter on the braes !  
 Auld Reekie than frae blackest, darkest wa's  
 To richest rooms resounded his applause,  
 An' whan the nights were dreary, lang an'  
     dark,  
 The beasts a' fothert an' the lads frae wark,  
 The lasses wheels, thrang birring round the  
     ingle,  
 The ploughman borin wi' his brogs an' lingel,  
 The herds wires clicking owr the ha'-f-  
     wrought hose,  
 The auld Gudeman's een ha'flins like to close,  
 The *Gentle Shepherd* frae the bole was ta'en,  
 Tha' sleep I trow was banish'd frae their een,  
 The cankriest than was kittled up to daffin,  
 An' sides and chafts maist riven war wi'  
     laughin.

Sic war the joys his cracks cou'd eith afford,  
 To Peer an' Ploughman, Barrowman or Lord,  
 In ilka clauchan wife, man, wean an' callan,  
 Cracket an' sang frae morn to e'en o' Allan.

Learn'd fouk that lang in colleges an' schools  
 Hae sooket learning to the vera hools,  
 An' think that naething charms the heart sae  
 weel's  
 Lang cracks o' Gods, Greeks, Paradise and  
 Deils,  
 Their pows are cram't sae fu' o' lear an' art,  
 Plain, simple nature canna reach their heart ;  
 But whare's the rustic, that can, readin', see  
 Sweet Peggy skiffin ow'r the dewy lee,  
 Or wishfu' stealing up the surny howe  
 To gaze on Pate, laid sleeping on the knowe ;  
 Or hear how Bauldy ventur'd to the deil,  
 How thrawn auld Carlines skelpit him afiel' ;  
 How Jude wi's hawk met Satan i' the moss ;  
 How *Skin-flint* grain't his pocks o' goud to loss ;

How bloody snouts an' bloody beards war  
gi'en

To smiths and clowns at *Christ's kirk on the green* ;

How twa daft Herds wi' little sense or havings,  
Din'd by the road—on honest Hawkie's leav-  
ings,

How Hab maist brak the priest's back wi' a  
rung ;

How deathless Addie died, an' how he sung ;  
Whae'er can thae (o' mae I needna speak)  
Read tenty ow'r at his ain ingle cheek,  
An' no fin', *something* glowan thro' his blood,  
That gars his een glowr thro' a filler flood,  
May close the beuk, poor coof ! and lift his  
spoon ;

His heart's as hard's the tuckets in his shoon.

Lang saxty year hae whiten't ow'r this  
powe,

An' mony a height I've seen, an' mony a  
howe ;

But aye whan Elspa flate, or things gaed  
wrang,

Next to my pipe was Allie's sleekit sang ;  
I thought him blyther ilka time I read,  
An' mony a time, wi' unco glee I've said,  
That ne'er in Scotland wad a chiel appear,  
Sae droll, sae hearty, sae confoundet queer,  
Sae glibly gabbet or sae bauld again,  
I said, I swor't—but deed I was mistaen.  
Up frae auld Reekie Ferguson begoud,  
In fell auld phraze that pleases aye the crowd,  
To chear their hearts whiles wi' an antrin sang,  
Whilk, far an' near, round a' the kintry rang.

At first I thought the swankie didna ill—  
Again I glowrt to hear him better still.  
Bauld, flee and sweet, his lines mair glorious  
grew,  
Glow'd round the heart, and glanc'd the saul  
out thro' ;  
But whan I saw the freaks o' *Hallow-fair*,  
Brought a' to view as plain as I'd been there,

An' heard, wi' teeth maist chatterin i' my  
head,

Twa kirk-yard Ghaists raif'd goustly frae the  
dead,

Daiz'd Sandy greetan for his thriftless wife,  
How camscheuch *Samy* sud been fed in Fife,  
Poor Will an' Geordy mourning for their  
frien',

The *Farmers ingle*, an' the cracks at e'en,  
My heart cry'd out, while tears war drappan  
faast,

O Ramsay, Ramsay, art thou beat at last !

Ae night the lift was skinklan a' wi' starns,  
I cross'd the burn, an' dauner't thro' the cairns,  
Down to auld Andrew Ralston's o' Craig-neuk,  
To hear *his* thoughts, as he had seen the beuk,  
(Andrew's a gay droll haun,—ye'll ablins ken  
him—

It maksna, I had hecht some fangs to len' him,) )

Aweel, quo' I, as soon's I reek't the hallan,  
 What think ye now o' our bit Embrugh cal-  
 lan ?

" Saf's man," quo' Andrew, " yon's an un-  
 co chiel !

He surely has some dealings wi' the deil !

There's no' a turn that ony o' us can work at,  
 At hame or yet a' fiel', at kirk or market,  
 But he describ'ft, as paukily an' fell,  
 As gin he'd been a kintra man himsel'.

Yestreen, I'm sure, beside our auld gudewife,  
 I never leugh as meikle a' my life,  
 To read the king's-birth-day's fell hurry burry,  
 How *draigl't Puffey* flies about like fury ;  
 Faith, I ken that's a fact.—The last birth-day,  
 As I stood glouring up an' down the way,  
 A dead cat's guts, before I cou'd suspect,  
 Harl't thro' dirt, cam clash about my neck,  
 An' while wi' baith my nieves frae 'bout I tok  
 it,

Wi' perfect stink, I thought I wad a bocket.

His stories too are tell't sae sleek an' baul';  
 Ilk oily word rins jinking thro' the faul.  
 What he describes, before your een ye see't,  
 As plain an' lively as ye see that peat.

It's my opinion, John, that this young fal-  
 low,

Excels them a', an' beats auld Allan hallow,  
 An' shews, at twenty-twa, as great a giftie  
 For painting just, as Allan did at fifty."

You, Mr. President, ken weel yersel,  
 Better by far than kintra-fouks can tell,  
 That they wha reach the gleg auld farrant art,  
 In verse to melt, an' foothe, an' mend the  
 heart;

To raise up joy, or rage, or courage keen,  
 And gar ilk passion sparkle in our een,  
 Sic chiels, (whare'er they hae their ha' or  
 hame),  
 Are *true-blue* bards, and wordy o' the name.  
 Sud ane o' thae, by lang experience, man  
 To spin out tales frae mony a pawky plan,

An' set's a laughing at his blauds o' rhyme,  
 Wi' fangs, aft polish'd by the haun o' time ;  
 And should some *strippling*, still mair light o'  
 heart,

A livelier humour to his cracks impart :  
 Wi' careles pencil draw—yet gar us stare  
 To see our ain fire-sides and meadows there ;  
 To see our thoughts, our hearts, our follies  
 drawn,

And nature's fel' fresh starting frae his haun ;  
 Wad mony words, or speeches lang, be needed,  
 To tell whase rhymes war best—wha clearest  
 headed ?

Sits there within the four wa's o' this house,  
 Ae chiel o' taste, droll, reprobate or douse,  
 Whase blessed lugs hae heard young Rob  
 himsel,

(Light as the lamb that dances on the dell,)  
 Lay aff his auld Scots crack wi' pawky glee,  
 And seen the fire that darted frae his ee ?

O let him speak ! O let him try t' impart,  
 The joys that than gush'd headlang on his  
 heart,

Whan ilka line, and ilka *lang-syne* glowr  
 Set faes, an' frien's, and Pantheons in a roar !  
 Did e'er auld Scotland fin', a nobler pride  
 Through a' her veins, and glowan bosom glide,  
 Than when her muse's dear young fav'rite  
 bard,

Wi' her hale strength o' wit, and fancy fir'd,  
 Raise frae the thrang, and kin'ling at the sound,  
 Spread mirth, conviction, truth and rapture  
 round ?

To set Rob's youth and inexperience by,  
 His lines are sweeter and his flights mair high.  
 Allan, I own, may show far mair o' art ;  
 Rob pours at once his raptures on the heart.  
 The *first* by labour mans our breast to move ;  
 The *last* exalts to extasy and love.  
 In Allan's verse *sage sleenes* we admire ;  
 In Rob's, the glow of fancy, and of fire,

And genius bauld, that nought but deep dif-  
trefs,

And base neglect, and want, could e'er suppress.

O hard, hard fate!—but cease, thou friendly  
tear,

I darna mourn my dear lo'ed Bardie here,  
Else I might tell, how his great soul had soar'd,  
And nameless ages wonder'd, and ador'd,  
Had friends been kind, and had not his young  
breath,

And rising glory, been eclips'd by death.

But leſt owre lang I lengthen out my  
crack,

An' Epps be wearying for my coming back,  
Let ane an' a' here, vote as they incline,  
Frae heart and faul Rob Ferguson has mine,

A. WILSON.

*At the solicitation of a number of respectable characters, the Authors have inserted the two following little pieces, which, it is hoped, will at least have the merit of variety.*

---

### THE CELESTIAL FUDDLE,

A SONG.

A LONG time ago,  
When Bacchus was a stripling,  
Before the jolly god of drink  
Had learnt the way of tippling ;  
Jove gave his guests some mellow wine,  
And Ganymede was warming it ;  
The Goddesses grew roaring drunk,  
And swore there was no harm in it.

## CHORUS.

*Thus the celestials,  
On guzzling voracious,  
The deities no shackles wore ;  
In unity solacious,  
The gleesome nights ran dancing by,  
In pleasures multifarious ;  
The gods forgot to go to bed,  
Their drink was so nectarous.*

Jove's golden palace quickly grew  
An arsenal tavernian ;  
And many a pipe of wine had he,  
Both masic and Phalernian.  
Juno soil'd her wedding gown,  
And took a mighty huff of it,  
While Bacchus puk'd in Venus' lap,  
And swore he had enough of it.  
*Thus the celestials, &c.*

Venus call'd young Bacchus sot,  
And swore his tongue was stammering :  
Alas ! reply'd the god of smiths,  
I'm quite unfit for hammering !

Comus sat with laughing phiz,  
 And pass'd his jokes so clever off ;  
 While Mercury behind their backs  
 Was stealing Cupid's quiver off.

*Thus the celestials, &c.*

The merry gods grown mortal drunk,  
 From cloud to cloud were tumbling,  
 And, diving headlong thro' the smoke,  
 Set all their wit a jumbling :  
 Great Æolus forgot the storms  
 That bellow'd thro' the undervault ;  
 The Graces ran away for shame,  
 And crept behind a thunderbolt,  
*Thus the celestials, &c.*

Go, Ganymede, Minerva cry'd,  
 And bring a glas of Lethe up ;  
 For sooth my father's face is turn'd  
 As footy as an Æthiop.  
 Come drink, ye gods, and all forget,  
 The wine will be your ruin here :

I'm sure the Mortals on the earth  
 May wonder what we're doing here.  
*Thus the celestials, &c.*

Another bumper, Bacchus cry'd,  
 'The liquor's scarce in season yet ;  
 Odzooks you wou'd not have us rise  
 Before we get our weasons wet.  
 Venus flipt away by stealth ;  
 And Vulcan he was missing her ;  
 The jade was snug behind a cloud,  
 Where Mars was slyly kissing her.  
*Thus the celestials, &c.*

Come rise up, Bacchus, Jove did cry,  
 Your friends must break the quorum up ;  
 There's some of 'em who sleep so sound,  
 That Boreas scarce could roar 'em up.  
 Henceforth I dubb thee god of wine,  
 Yet do not often fwill of it,  
 Unless at such a time as this ;  
 Then take thy hearty will of it.

## CHORUS.

*Thus the celestials,  
On guzzling voracious,  
The deities no shackles wore ;  
In unity solacious,  
The gleesome nights ran dancing by  
In pleasures multifarious ;  
The gods forgot to go to bed,  
Their drink was so nectareous.*

E. P.

## E L E G Y

*Addressed to a Young Lady.*

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Is it in man the sore distress to bear,  
When hope it self is blacken'd to despair.

YOUNG.

---

THOU dearest object of my soul on earth,  
Thou kind, young sharer of my joys and  
woe,  
Forgive, while here I pour my sorrows forth,  
E'er life's last current from its fountain flow.

The hour arrives with heaven's supreme behest ;  
Advancing death in awful pomp I see ;  
Disease now writhes within my troubled breast ;  
And past are all the joys of life with me.

Farewell ye pleasing scenes of fond delight.

Farewell ye hopes that promis'd once so  
well ;

Ye charms that shot through my enraptur'd  
sight;

Ye days of peace, ye nights of joy farewell.

No more with thee the drou' y town I'll leave,  
To tread the dews, and breathe the sweets  
of morn,

Nor fondly wish the dear return of eve,  
To meet thee blushing near the lonely thorn.

The eyes that gaz'd unwearied on thy charms,  
The heart that wont at sight of *thee* to leap,  
A few sad hours will finish its alarms,  
And seal *their* orbs in everlasting sleep.

When this weak pulse hath number'd out its  
date,

When all my hopes and all my fears are o'er,

When each young friend shall pensive tell my fate,

And death's black train stand mournful at my door :

Then oh ! Lavinia, while thou dost survey,

The pale, chang'd features, once to thee well known,

The limbs that flew thy dictates to obey,

The arms that oft enclasped thee as their own ;

Check not the tear that trembles in thine eye,

Nor stop the sigh that struggles from thy heart ;

These are the rites for which I'd rather die,

Than all the pomp of marble and of art.

Lavinia, oh ! thou dear, thou precious name !

That opes each wound, and tears my trembling heart,

Wilt thou vouchsafe one poor request I claim,

To breathe one wish one prayer e'er we part ?

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O round thy head may heaven its blessings  
strew,  
May angels waft each comfort to thy cell,  
Pure be thy peace—thy tears, thy troubles few;  
Thou kindest maid, thou dearest friend fare-  
well.

A. W.

F I N I S.

